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VOL. XL.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, AUGUST 1, 1905.

No. 15

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION—THEIR SIMILARITIES AND DIFFERENCES.

IN this paper we shall consider true theology and true religion, while acknowledging that there exists a counterfeit of both.

The word "Theology" is derived from the Greek Theos, meaning God, and Logos—a discourse.

It is the science which concerns God and His dealings with man; while in a more general sense it includes all truth—going outside the domain of what is sometimes termed spiritual matters.

Again, theology has been termed codified truth; a system of doctrine and principles.

Religion, as distinct from theology, is the performance of all duties to God and to our fellowmen, it is the living of one's life in fellowship with God, while theology is the explanation of this life of fellowship.

Thus we see that although the two are related they are not identical.

A person may be proficient in theological learning and yet lack religious and moral traits of character.

Lucifer, a son of the morning, a being of superior intelligence, one who stood high in the councils in heaven, was a

theologian, but failure to live the law brought him to open rebellion against the Father, and eternal condemnation was the result.

Another instance: During Christ's ministry in the Holy Land, who could excel the Scribes and Pharisees as theologians? But were they truly religious?

They knew the law, but they lived it no better, nay, it may be said not as well as the humble Galilean fishermen.

Theology is the theory; religion the actual practice, and though we understand full well that a man cannot be saved in ignorance, neither will the mere possession of knowledge bring salvation.

"He that knoweth the Master's will and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes."

The Sabbath School teacher should ever bear in mind that theology and religion each have their place in the Sabbath School; that in presenting theological precepts to his pupils he must also set a religious example; that the keynote of success lies in the application of that scriptural passage which reads, "The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive."

Religion cannot be taught in the same

manner as history, grammar and mathematics, and every effort to do so must end in failure.

Theology may go no further than the head; religion will touch the heart, will sway the emotions; will be felt by the soul.

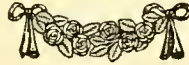
The successful teacher of theology must not content himself with a mere explanation of truth or statement of fact, he must keep the commandments of God and being filled with the Holy Spirit, he becomes a mighty power in causing

others not only to know but to do.

He can best indicate the path of truth his pupils are to travel by ever marching at the head; feeling assured that the promise will be verified: "He that doeth the will of the Father shall know of the doctrine."

Theology is the foundation of religion, it is true, but without the addition of the religious superstructure it must remain of little practical import—a mechanical statement of fact bereft of the essentials that give it value.

A. F. Rundquist.



THE NEW TESTAMENT.

FROM time to time ways have differed as to the arrangement of the books of the New Testament. The order in which these books are found in manuscripts is not the same as we find them in the printed copies and translations of the present day. Shortly after the time of the Savior the New Testament consisted of but two collections, and known as "Gospels," and "Epistles," or "Gospels" and "Apostles." This division continued even two hundred years after the Savior, but at the expiration of three hundred years after His death we find that the New Testament was divided up into eight volumes, as follows: The four Gospels; the Acts of the Apostles; the seven epistles, addressed to the Jews; fourteen epistles of Paul; the Revelation of John. At a somewhat later period than this the New Testament was divided up into six books as follows: the Gospels of Matthew and Mark; those of Luke and John, the Acts of the Apostles; the seven epistles; the epistles of

Paul; and the Apocalypse. The present arrangement is more convenient than either of the others. It is as follows: (1) historical, (2) doctrinal, (3) prophetic.

The historical book deals principally with facts, and consist of two parts, (1) the four Gospels which relate to the works of Christ; (2) the book known as the Acts of the Apostles, which deals almost wholly with the ministry and labors of Peter and Paul. The reason that these are known as the historical books is because they relate to the history of the Savior, His discourses, doctrines and wondrous works, also to His death, resurrection and ascension, and lastly to the ministry of some of His disciples.

The doctrinal books include the fourteen epistles of Paul, and the seven epistles addressed to the Jews who were scattered over the Roman empire.

The Revelation of St. John is the only book in the prophetic division of the New Testament.

The word "Gospel" rightly signifies good tidings. In Matthew 2: 5, Jesus says, "The poor have the Gospel preached to them," that is, the poor have the doctrines of salvation taught to them, and so the word Gospel in its completeness means "glad tidings of great joy to all people." In Ephesians 6:15, it is called the Gospel of peace, for it proclaims peace with God to man through the Son. In Romans 1: 1-13, it is spoken of as the "Gospel of God concerning His Son," and in other scriptures it is referred to as "The Gospel of His Son," "The Gospel of salvation," "The Gospel of the Kingdom of God," "The Gospel of the Kingdom of God," "The word of reconciliation," "The Gospel of glory," "The Gospel of the grace of God," etc.

Calling a book a gospel is a misnomer, it would have been much better if the four books called the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John had been called the testimonies of those servants of God. Matthew's record was written in Hebrew and Greek about A. D. 61, and in the country of Judea. Mark's was written in Greece about A. D. 63. John's was written at Ephesus about A. D. 97. If we compare the writings of Matthew with the writings of Luke, we are led to believe that neither ever saw the writings of the other. It is doubtful if Mark ever read the Gospel of Luke. The Gospel of John was written the last of the four, and records facts that are not found in the other three. *Frank Van Cott.*



GRANDMOTHER'S STORIES OF EARLY DAYS.

CHAPTER VII.



IMAGINE yourself in a grove of maple trees, about five miles out from Mount Pisgah. The hills and bluffs, low and irregular, lie all around for miles and miles, so that if you wished to look very far to see whether there was any danger from Indians or hungry wolves, you could not do so, unless you ascended one of the knolls; and even then there was no telling what might be lurking in the hollows. It is in the early spring, and the leaves are just peeping out. Several families are here busily making maple sugar, the men tapping the trees and the women preparing the sap, and small groups of children here and there making the woods echo to their merry laughter. The oxen that have ta-

ken these people here and that will take a great deal of maple sugar back with them, are grazing not far away under the eye of a herd boy. Three tents have been stretched in the narrow opening into the woods; for very evidently the sugar-makers will stay here for more than a day. Imagine all this, and you place yourselves where I was years ago when I was a little older than you are, Violet.

While the grown people were engaged in their serious occupation of making sugar, we children had our pastime doing much the same thing, but in a different way and for a much different purpose. For I must tell you what this sugar was for. Not, as you might think, for our own use in the home, though we did use some of it, to be sure. In those days

people in such out of way places as Garden Grove and Mount Pisgah had to make the best use of anything at hand. Since there were many things—such for instance, as shoes, clothing, and store goods in general—which they lacked and which they had to obtain by some unusual way or go without, most of the sugar that was made was sent to Des Moines or some other place in Iowa, and traded there for such articles as were needed. The only pair of shoes I had while at Mount Pisgah was bought from the sale of the maple sugar that mother had made.

But I was going to tell you how we children spent our time while the other folks were making sugar which they might sell. One of the things we had to eat in camp was eggs, and we were always careful, when our mothers were cooking, to be around to crack the eggs. We made a small round hold in one end, and kept the shell. When after meal time, they were making sugar, we got some of the sap, filled our eggs; so that when it got cold we stripped the shell off, and there was a fine sugar egg as pretty as any one might wish to see.

* * * * *

On the second day of our stay in the camp making sugar, something happened; and this is what my story is about.

It was nearly time for dinner. Everyone had been so busy during the forenoon that no attention had been paid to the oxen. The herd boy had this morning been taken to help in the sugar making, so little inclination had the animals shown to stray away from sight. So that, about noon, when Mr. Wilson asked where the oxen were, everyone was surprised, and looked around for signs of them. It was supposed, though, that they had only gone into a nearby hollow, and so the herd boy was sent to look. But he returned saying they were not to be seen. Then all the men and boys

went in search of them. They had not been gone long when we saw Brother Wilson waving his hand in our direction and heard him shouting for the women and older girls to come. I learned afterwards that they had seen the oxen but were unable to drive them back without more help. So the women and girls went, leaving me and two others in charge of the children.

I don't know how long the folks were gone, for we were all enjoying our games so much that we did not stop to count the minutes; but anyway someone shouted "Indians!" One of the boys had been to a knoll a little way off, and seeing some Indians on horseback, was running back breathless and white. You may depend upon it we were not long in getting into a cluster of bushes not a great way from the camp. And we lay there as still as if we were not alive, waiting in fear for the Indians.

Pretty soon we heard them. There were several, painted and decorated with feathers, and they were talking and laughing as they rode. I turned to find a place where I could look without being seen. I found one. How astonished they were at finding that the place was already occupied by some one not an Indian. They looked about to see if any of the white campers were near. Their laughter was now gone, and evidently they were in an angry mood. One had been inspecting an old hollow trunk for something, and when he returned there was a general clatter of tongues over the information he had imparted. Thereupon another and general search took place. Suddenly, there was a shout from all the Indians, and then some of the children set to crying, whom we soon hushed by threats before the Indians had discovered us. They had only found some old wooden bowls and spoons, and this was the cause of their yell.

Now, late in the fall before, a number of men had discovered these hidden away in an old hollow tree. Everyone supposed of course, that they belonged to the Indians and that they had been used by them in making maple sugar. But as few Redmen had been seen in the neighborhood while the Saints had been at Mount Pisgah, those who had found these wooden dishes had no scruples about using them. It was in this way that the "Mormons" had known about this maple grove and how they had come to making sugar here.

Having obtained what they had evidently come for, the Indians now held a council. How I did breathe, and how hard did my heart beat for the next minute! For I knew that now, if at any time, they would discover us children. Again they looked about them for traces of the owners of the tents. One of them said something and then they all set up another horrible yell such as I have rarely heard from Indians. Two or three of the children began to cry, whereupon the savages made a dash for the clump of bushes where we were hiding.

With a hideous grin on their faces, they began talking again. None of us, of course, knew what they were saying. Pretty soon one of them said in English,—

"Stand up."

Fearing to disobey we all stood up.

Then they began to point, first at one girl, then at another. They did not point at any of the boys.

Now, little Clara Walton was one of the prettiest girls in the crowd. She was about nine years old, with fat, rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and light hair, which waved around her head.

The oldest of the Indians went up to her, took her by the hand, and finding that she screamed and struggled to get

loose, caught her up into his arms, mounted his pony, and was off like the wind, followed by his companions.

* * * * *

What a wail broke out among us children, as we watched the retreating figures of the Indians, bearing one of our number. It was such a time, we thought before our parents returned! And when they did, there was the same consternation among them, and the same terror among our mothers lest the red-faced warriors should come back for more prey.

The men hurriedly hitched up the oxen, piled the things into the wagons, and we were all on our way home as fast as the animals could take us. Some one would have gone immediately after the Indians, but we had no horses; and besides, while the men were away searching for Clara, some more Indians might come and take other captives.

Arrived at Mount Pisgah, we soon spread the alarm, and scores of men volunteered their services in the chase after the child-stealers. About fifty men were chosen. They had good horses, most of them, and all had guns of some kind. Off they went, at great speed, towards the camp which we had occupied in the maple tree grove. In the meantime, excitement ran high in the settlement. It was late in the afternoon, and as the Indians had several hours the start of the men, it was very doubtful whether they would catch up with them; indeed, so wary were the Redmen that it was not at all unlikely that they would not be able to restore Clara to her parents. At all events, there would be no rest for the people at Mount Pisgah as long as there was the faintest hope.

It must have been somewhere towards day-break next morning that word went around that the men who had gone in pursuit of the Indians were returning.

No one had gone to bed that night except the children, and the older of these sat up waiting anxiously like the grown folks. Soon a crowd had gathered in the western part of the settlement, and were straining their eyes to catch, by the dim light of the dawn, a glimpse of the figures that were approaching. Presently we could see that it was our men returning and that the foremost held little Clara Walton in his arms. A great shout rent the air such as had never been heard before in that lonely wilderness since the arrival of the Saints there.

The chase after the Indians had proved even more exciting than it had promised. From Pisgah the men had proceeded direct to the place where we had encamped in the maple grove. Then, following the direction which we pointed out as having been taken by the Redmen, they galloped fast over knoll and bluff for many a mile, the company having spread out within easy shouting distance of each other in order that they might run the least risk of missing their fleeing enemy. From the top of one of these highest hills, one of them perceived some distance west of them (they were now far to the west of Mount Pisgah) what appeared to be an Indian camp. Pushing on their course, now in one group, and rather leisurely, taking the lower ground always so as not to be seen, for it was yet light though the sun had gone down. Having approached the place as closely as they dared, they halted in one of the ravines for the purpose of waiting till it was dark. Meantime, they consulted on the best plans to pursue in order that they might rescue Clara without endangering her life or safety. They knew the plotting and revengeful spirits they had to deal with, and we should know that among the pioneers there were some men who by their superior wisdom could abundantly meet all the cunning of the savage.

They waited till long after the smoke had ceased to curl up through the hole in the wigwam and the fire to gleam from the tent door. Then a stealthy figure of a man might have been seen making its way in the darkness from the place where the men were towards the wickiups, distant about half a mile. It made its way to the main tent and crouched down close beside it and listened. The Indians were all breathing heavily. He put his eye between two hides which helped to form the covering of the wigwam. Just then, as if on purpose, the big round moon shot up over the horizon, and shone through the opening in the wickiup. He could see everything within. But there appeared no Clara. Where was she? What had the Indians done with her?

Silently the figure made its way to a smaller tent not far away, and put its ear close to the hides. He distinctly heard sobbing. This must be Clara, and she had gone to sleep. Could there be any one else in the tent? He crept to the opening and peered in. She was alone. How was he to wake without startling her into a cry that would wake the sleeping forms in the neighboring tent? He must trust to Providence. Before attempting to take her up, he went out to make sure that none of the Indians had awakened. When he came back and approached Clara, he found that she was bound hand and foot and fastened, besides, to one of the tent-poles. Hastily cutting her loose, he took her in his arms. She did not wake, but she sobbingly murmured "mama!" You may be sure that he was now not very long in reaching his companions and putting little Clara in her father's arms.

The whole company then, with joy unspeakable and thanksgiving to the Lord, took their way home, and were received as I have already told you.

* * * * *

That was what the men informed us that morning as we waited anxiously with up-turned faces for the details of what we knew must have been an exciting chase. But little Clara, too, had a story to tell, which was not less interesting and which she told us more than once in those days of our childhood.

The suddenness of her capture had almost dazed her, though she was screaming with terror when the Indian put her before him on the bare back of the horse. She made some desperate efforts to get loose. She cried, she screamed, she scratched the Indian's face. But she soon found that not only did all this avail her nothing, but it made her case worse; for the harder she tried to escape from him, the tighter he held her, till it hurt a great deal. Of course she did not know where he was taking her, nor what he would do with her.

After what seemed to be hours of riding in front of this painted savage, they reached an Indian camp, the same wigwams that I have already told you of. There were several other Redmen here waiting the return of their companions. These, too, were tricked out in paint and feathers, after the manner of these wild people. Taken off the horse, she was led up to the fire, and shortly afterwards encircled by her captors. Then followed a lot more of Indian gibberish and laughing, as if those who had remained in camp were taunting their returned companion with bad taste in selecting so young a sweetheart. But soon they grew more serious, though still talking. Evidently they were inquiring as to what their fellow savage was intending to do with his young papoose, for this is what they call a child. The pipe of peace was next brought out, each warrior taking a few whiffs and then passing it on to his neighbor. All this time she had not seen any signs of women and children.

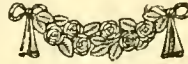
Meanwhile, she had been crying as loud as ever over her unfortunate condition, though this seemed to annoy the Indians very much, especially the younger "bucks." One of these was particularly angry. Once he took out a long, glittering knife and moved it over her head, as he held her hair in his hand, as if he would cut off her head. But I suppose he was only trying to quiet her though it frightened her nearly to death and she screamed the more. At this, there was general anger, and she thought that they might kill her. There were loud talking and frightful countenances. The Indian who had brought her here took her violently by the hand and drew her towards him. Then he took some strong cord, tied it securely about her neck and drew it round and round her body, over her arms and hands, down to her feet. Finding that she continued to cry, he stuffed a dirty rag into her mouth, but this he pulled out later and left her free to breathe.

She lay in this manner for a long time on the ground in the tent, while her captors, apparently as unconcerned as if they had not brought about untold suffering to a fellow creature and distress to a whole community. They ate their supper and offered her some, taking the gag from her mouth for the purpose; but she refused, and they did not force her to eat. By this time it was dark, and Clara began to cry again. Presently the big Indian who had stolen her, took her into the tent, where she was found by the man who was sent that night to rescue her. This was done, I suppose, so that her cries might not disturb the slumbers of the warriors. After a while, her strength utterly exhausted, she sobbed herself to sleep. The next thing she remembered was that some one had her in his arms and was running with her. Not knowing what had happened, she uttered

a cry, but was hushed by kind words and assurances that she was being taken away from the Indians to her home. And soon she was safe on the broad breast of her father, encircled by his strong arms,

You may be sure that after this we

were careful how we trusted ourselves away from the settlement. This was a warning which proved effective not only while we remained in the Iowan wilderness, but after we had reached "The Valley."
John H. Evans.



GOLDEN TRUTHS.

WHY ONE YOUNG COUPLE ARE POOR.

Their ideas are larger than their purses.

They do not keep account of their expenditures.

They reverse the maxim: "Duty before pleasure."

They have too many and too expensive amusements.

They do not think it worth while to save pence.

They try to do what others expect of them, not what they can afford.

The parents are economical, but the children have extravagant ideas.

They prefer to incur debt rather than to do work which they consider beneath them.

They risk all their eggs in one basket when they are not in a position to watch or control it.

They think it will be time to begin to save for a rainy day when the rainy day comes.

They do not realize that one expensive habit may introduce them to a whole family of extravagant habits.

They have not been able to make much in the business they understand best, but have thought that they could make a fortune by investing in something they know nothing about.—*Exchange.*

Habits are soon assumed, but when we strive To strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive.

Good is best when soonest wrought.

Bad thoughts quickly ripen into bad actions.

The word "impossible" is the mother-tongue of little souls.

To cultivate kindness is a valuable part of the business of life.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for another.

Purchase not friends with gifts; when thou ceasest to give, such will cease to love.

How poor are they who have not patience! What wound did ever heal but by degrees.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful we must carry it with us or we find it not.

Suffering becomes beautiful when any one bears great calamities with cheerfulness not through insensibility, but through greatness of mind.

Somewhere and somehow we can all help in the beautiful task of spreading the doctrine of kindness and of love. We hope some day that the public schools will be interested in advancing heart education as well as mental education.

The one who is afraid to try,
Will lose his chances by and by.

BETHLEHEM.



THE town of Bethlehem has an imposing aspect, and a commanding site. It forms an irregular triangle and stands on the summit of a narrow ridge, which projects eastward from the central mountain chain of Judah, and breaks abruptly down into deep valleys on the north, east and south. Steep slopes beneath the village are carefully terraced; and the terraces—clothed with olives, vines and fig-trees—sweep in graceful curves round the ridge, regular as steps. Below these slopes, in the bottoms of the valleys, are fields whose fertility gave the place its name, which means, "House of Bread." Bethlehem stands more than a hundred feet higher than Jerusalem, and is about six miles to the south of it, and east of the main road to Hebron.

From very early Jewish history it had been known. It was the scene of the events so touchingly related in the Book of Ruth. It was here that the good Boaz abode; and here the foreign damsel—destined to become the foremother of David and Jesse—gleaned his field. Still earlier, it was here that the beloved wife for whom Jacob had served for so many years, passed from this life. For many generations Rachel's tomb was there, a sacred place to travelers and to the inhabitants of the country. Rachel, Naomi, Ruth and Mary are a cluster of lovely names connected with Bethlehem in incidents on which the heart loves to dwell.

The events that had made it famous, however, passed into ancient history, while the little town itself remained almost unchanged in appearance, even until that which has made it a familiar name the world over occurred within its humble limits. A thousand years before it had bestowed upon the house of Israel its royal psalmist, the king who became

the ideal for his people of all that was kingly and heroic, their hearts continually longing for another who would be like unto David. In time Bethlehem became to be familiarly known as the City of David.

While the centuries passed dreamily over it, prophecy of deep import remained unfulfilled upon it. Seven hundred years before the event actually took place, the word of the Lord had come to the prophet Micah: "But thou Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting."

Though the prophecy and its meaning may have become vague to the minds of the chosen people, yet the Lord had not forgotten His word. He watched over the shaping of events for its complete fulfillment. Joseph and Mary came from Nazareth to be enrolled with the members of the royal house of David, to which they belonged; and in the only abiding place they could secure at the time was born the one who was afterwards to be called King of Kings.

The shepherds of Bethlehem, feeding their flocks in the rich pasture lands immediately surrounding the city, heard angelic voices announcing the fulfillment of the prophecy: "For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

Joseph and Mary tarried in Bethlehem after the birth of Jesus; some have said that it was perhaps with the thought of remaining there among their kinsfolk. They traveled to Jerusalem and presented the infant in the temple, then returned again, pondering in their hearts all the wonderful events that had taken place since the coming of the child.



BETHLEHEM.

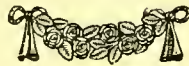
The wise men traveled from their far country to seek out the great King whose birth had been made known to them by signs in the heavens. They noised abroad their errand, and sought Him first in the royal city and in a kingly palace. The star that had guided them all the way still beckoned them onward, until at last it rested over that city on the hill-tops. With exceeding joy they climbed the steep slopes, and found among the humble dwellings one wherein dwelt Joseph and Mary and the Little One whom they had sought so long.

The sad story of Herod's jealousy and fear, and the grief it brought to the little

town is too well known to need repeating. Suffice it to say that the father and mother with the child Jesus fled from the city, to return to it no more. No mention is made of Jesus ever visiting it again, the brief history of his life there being simply told in the events of his birth.

So Bethlehem, differing but little from other towns of Palestine in appearance, with its flat-roofed houses, and narrow, straggling streets; with its dark green foliage, and fruitful vintages, was indeed rich in history and story, its name interwoven as it is with those of most royal lineage.

B. I.



N OLD OHIO.

THE FIRST WINTER.



BRIGHT and early the missionary and Daniel were out by the creek, seeking a pool sufficiently deep for their purpose. Thompson had studied his Bible. He had long been convinced that what Elder Hendricks had preached concerning baptism by immersion was true, for no other mode was mentioned in the scriptures, and the words of St. Paul on the subject seemed to him a conclusive argument. The great trouble with the ministers to whom he had heretofore listened was that they stopped at baptism, while the teaching of Peter was that there should also follow the gift of the Holy Ghost. This Ezra Parry had also stated in no uncertain terms. Wonderful to contemplate—the power that was manifested in the days of the ancient Apostles.

Daniel pondered as to how he would

feel when the Heavenly Spirit should rest upon him. Would it free his mind from doubt? Would it rest as a halo of glory upon his head? Would it thrill his very being until he could speak in tongues and prophesy? How many have had the same thoughts; and because they did not immediately become Isaiahs or Pauls have doubted and fallen away! They did not realize that spiritual life, like physical life, is a growth; that the higher, the nobler, the divine in us commences with a very small germ, and develops until our whole existence is permeated with it. Then earth becomes heaven, and life temporal is only the portal to life eternal.

A bend in the stream was found where the water was ample for their needs. Then the young men returned to the house where Mary and her mother were preparing breakfast.

"If you will permit me, Mrs. Ballantyne,

we will attend to the baptisms before we eat, and then I must be going on my way, with many thanks to you and a blessing for your hospitality. But first of all I should like to have a word of prayer with the family."

So all in the house knelt around the old-fashioned fireplace and Parry never in his life prayed more earnestly than he did for those who were about to enter into the sacred covenants that should make them members of the Church of Christ. Then, having properly dressed, they went to the place that had been selected. Bal-lantyne, his wife and the younger children looked on while the ordinance was being performed. Although the water was cold and every candidate went down into it all of a tremble and a shiver, there was observed a smile on every face, a determination in every step as each came out after his immersion. As Daniel Thompson felt, it is in the waters of baptism, when the sincere believer is conscious of the remission of his sins, when he can stand spotless before his Maker and before the world, that the testimony of the Gospel comes to him as at no other time, and he feels that he can lay down his life for the truth.

A few impressive words, a prayer, a record made for time and all eternity, and the little group returned to the house. They were soon seated at the morning meal, and the subject that was nearest to their hearts was the topic of conversation. It gave all joy. Daniel felt that he could spend the rest of his days in proclaiming the message which he had just received. At length he said:

"Well, Brother Parry, there is one thing more. You know that we believe in the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. We have not had that blessing yet."

"It shall surely come to you in good time, if you are faithful. I have not the

authority to do that, but some one will follow me who will confer upon you the blessing which you most desire. In the meanwhile do not let your faith waver. Study your Bible. I happen to have two copies of the Book of Mormon with me. I will leave one with you. Read it carefully; compare it with the Bible and see if you do not have a testimony that it is of God. That I can promise you, if you are faithful."

"But why can you not lay hands upon us?" continued Thompson.

"I hold the authority of a Priest, which gives me the right to baptize and to administer the sacrament, but not to confer spiritual gifts. Did you ever stop to consider what Priesthood is—the Lord's authority exercised on earth;" and then the missionary told of the visit of John the Baptist to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, of the restoration of the greater priesthood by Peter, James and John, and explained the powers and duties of the various offices as he had learned them in Colesville.

His hearers were at first inclined to be disappointed because of the failure to confirm them, but his explanation soon satisfied all. The new converts realized that there was a depth, a breadth, a power in the restored Gospel that a lifetime could not fathom. They were content to wait. Daniel promised that he would visit among the various families represented as often as possible, and would get them together during the winter for a service of prayer and testimony. For a long time they talked and the sun was nearing mid-heaven when Parry took his departure. He knew not where night would find him. He cared less. He was thankful that the Lord had given him souls for his hire, and these first fruits were precious in his sight.

The winter in northeastern Ohio was not more severe than that of Massachu-

setts. It was very cold to those who came from the warmer climate of New Jersey. There was little to do but sit about the fire, read and talk. The roads were so blocked with snow that trips to the landing were well nigh impossible. Hence the mails arrived at infrequent intervals. Daniel had written to Hester soon after Parry's departure. He assured his father and mother that he had a place ready for them. Before the coldest weather came he finished a small clearing on his quarter section and had almost enough logs hauled for a "raising." He also told them of the visit of Ezra Parry, and that he had accepted a faith that, although it would seem strange to them, might possibly prove the greatest blessing of their lives. To this Hester responded briefly. The people at home had heard nothing good of the new sect and were sorry that he had committed himself. It was only an additional reason why they should hasten their departure from the farm, and seek to settle his mind among the associates of his boyhood. It would be an easier journey for them than for him as the railroad had now made considerable progress up the valley of the Mohawk, and the canal boat would not have to be taken at Albany.

After that the letters which passed between Daniel and Hester contained more business details. Sensing the spirit at home, he determined that he would not mention religion or tell of his experience until his family was with him. Then they could judge and decide for themselves.

February came with its wonted thaw followed by a cold snap; then warmer days early in March, when the twigs along the creek banks turned from brown to red, and the sap began to feel its way through the maples. This was the time for which Farmer Ballantyne had been looking. Maple sugar brought a good price in the

New York market and there was a prospect of getting ready money, which could not be obtained in any other way until the next season's crop was disposed of. In this venture Daniel was a partner. He had experience in "sugaring off;" so all the details were left to him. In anticipation of the event the great iron pot was scalded out, and one bright day the entire family sallied forth to the maple brush, where they were showed how to tap the trees and hang the little buckets on the spouts. Then the work began. Most of the boiling was done at the house, but occasionally the men stayed late in the timber, watching the kettle swing over a great fire as its watery contents simmered down. It was on one of these evenings that a stranger approached the blaze.

"Is either of you gentlemen named Daniel Thompson?" he asked.

"Yes, sir! Is there anything I can do for you?"

"My name is Johnson, Andrew Johnson," replied the new-comer, extending his hand. "I have been searching for you, Brother Thompson. Ezra Parry wrote me about you three months ago, but the roads have been so bad that it has been impossible for me to get here any sooner. If I can stay with you tonight I shall be very thankful. I shall go on my way in the morning. If you can gather those who were baptized with you I will be glad to return on Sunday when we will hold a sacrament meeting and —"

"You will lay on hands?" inquired Daniel eagerly.

"I will confirm you all members of the Church, and if the Lord will bless me, one of his weakest servants, you shall have the desire of your heart. To tell the truth, it was for that purpose that I came.

Ballantyne had been surprised when Daniel accepted Parry's teachings, but he

was grieved when his daughter declared herself a candidate for baptism. He had not forbidden her. Still there was a feeling in his heart that she was separated from him. She no longer scoffed. The winter evenings had been spent with Daniel in studying the Bible, and he could not persuade her to make light of things at which she had formerly laughed. Be a man saint or sinner he invariably wants his own ilk to side with him. The farmer, just an every day agnostic, sensed the loss of companionship more than he cared to admit. He had one satisfaction, however, in the fact that his wife was vehement in her denunciation of Parry and his work. She was evidently, although gradually, renouncing the tenets which she had embraced only a few months before. He was not partial to preachers, no matter to what denomination they belonged, but Daniel seemed like his own son. So he welcomed the visitor and bade him make his home at the house as long as he desired to remain. The invitation was heartily accepted for the night. When the sap was boiled down they went to supper, and Daniel and Mary sat up almost until morning with the elder, discussing the knotty points that had arisen in the course of their investigations.

During the winter very few travelers visited the Western Reserve. The roads were little more than log trails. They had not yet been "corduroyed." When not drifted with snow the mud was hub deep. Hence each family was secluded from the outside world almost as much as it would have been on Robinson Crusoe's island. On this account the seeds of dissension had not been sown among Parry's converts. Daniel found all eager for the Sunday meeting. In a few more months the storm of persecution would break, and the faith of the believers would be tried to the utmost.

On Sunday evening, after those who had gathered to the services had departed, Daniel had a long conversation with Elder Johnson. The latter had ordained him a Priest in order that the nucleus of a branch might have a head to whom to look, and the young man deeply sensed the responsibility that rested upon him. At length, after instructing him as to privileges and duties, Johnson said:

"Do you know, Brother Thompson, from what the prophet says I expect that before many months the Saints will gather only a few miles from here—not more than fifty or seventy-five at the farthest? There are many in this western region who are accepting the Gospel, and we do not look for the persecution here that we are experiencing in New York and Pennsylvania."

This gave Daniel something to think of as, a month later, he drove over the heavy roads to the landing. He was taking a load of maple sugar for shipment, and his family would return with him. They had informed him of the time when they would leave Massachusetts. Only ice on the canal or the lake could detain them. The little steamer had been making regular trips for two weeks; so nothing should hinder their journey. Ballantyne had offered them a home until such time as their own house should be built. Daniel felt that this would take but a short time. The spot selected was less than a mile from the Ballantyne cabin and there would not be the loneliness of the preceding year. The Western Reserve was being settled rapidly by people from the eastern states, and many of the immigrants were veterans of the war of 1812, who had special privileges in all of the new states.

One, two, three long days the boy waited at the landing. Then, early one morning, he saw the boat approaching. As it came nearer he perceived that the deck was crowded; but in the throng were

familiar faces, and he waved his handkerchief to his mother and Hester, who responded to the signal with tears in their eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



SAVE THE MOISTURE.

THE rapidity with which a fresh, brisk wind will dry clothes on the line is familiar to every housewife. Almost intuitively one swings in the air anything from which one wishes to have a trace of moisture removed, like a piece of writing when one has mislaid the blotting-paper. From the same principle it follows that where land tends to dry too rapidly, under the influence of constant breezes, rows of trees, planted as a windbreak may prove useful.

It often happens on the great plains, where the natural precipitation is hardly up to the needs of agriculture, that extra fresh evaporation due to prevalent high winds, still further accentuate the difficulty. In such conditions the shelter-belt," or windbreak, illustrates anew the maxim that "a penny saved is a penny earned."

The effect of the wind in increasing the evaporation of water surfaces has long been known. Recent experiments show that it is the same with the moisture of the land, and that soil several hundred feet away from a windbreak dries up half as fast again as that near by

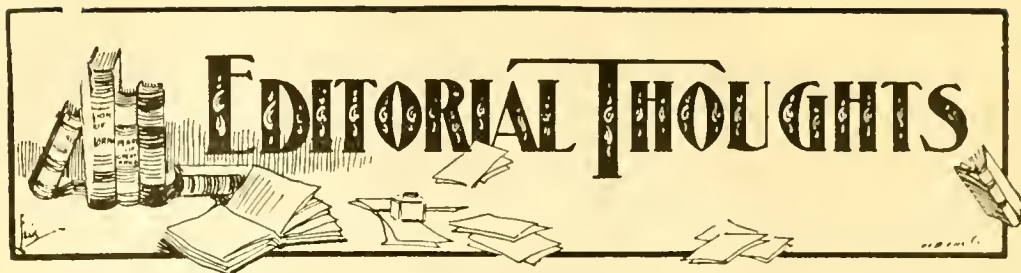
—a difference not wholly accounted for by the greater shade. A lake in the woods will evaporate only half as fast as one in the open.

This is by no means the only advantage of the line of trees which forms so conspicuously a feature of many European landscapes. Orchards need protection against the gales that often accompany the summer storm. Gardens are more successful when thus surrounded. Domestic animals, more dependent than man on nature's moods, derive great benefit from any tempering of the extremes of heat and cold.

The economic importance of forests in regulating the flow of streams is beyond computation. They prevent wind and water erosion, and thus allow the soil on hills and mountains to remain where it has formed, a natural sponge at the source of the water courses.

"It is the amount of water that passes into the soil," an expert of the Agricultural Department wisely says. "and not the amount of rainfall, that makes a region a garden or a desert."

Youth's Companion.



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - AUGUST 1, 1905

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WHITHER THE TREND?



WE have been pained more than once of late by what we deemed very unseemly exhibitions on the occasion of the marriages of some of our young people. Those engaged in these frolics have carried their practical jokes to the very gates of the House of the Lord, unmindful of the respect to which those holy edifices were entitled or of the sacredness of the ceremony which had just been performed. To us there is no ordinance in all God's economy that is more sacred than that which unites a son and daughter of our heavenly Father in the bonds of holy matrimony for time and

all eternity, none fraught with greater blessings or more potent results; and to see this holy ordinance degraded by vulgarity, buffoonery, the tooting of tin horns, throwing old shoes and other heathenish practices causes us sad reflections at the bent of the minds of some of our youth, who appear to have no higher idea of its obligations and responsibilities than to place it on the same level as the visit of a traveling circus, or to treat its ceremonies as they would the performance of a pantomime on the vaudeville stage.

The ceremony itself, as revealed from Heaven, is grand yet simple, brief but most impressive and sacred. Filled with the solemnities of eternity and bearing the impress of its divine origin, it fills the heart with gratitude at the privileges granted and the blessings promised. To overwhelm this calm and blissful condition of the mind by pranks and vulgar "skylarking" is at least an evidence that those who indulge therein have a very mistaken if not degraded conception of the responsibilities of the married state. There are those who are inclined to treat this mortal life as one uninterrupted hilarious picnic instead of a stage in the existence of God's children, especially adapted to prepare them for the eternal glories of His presence. Their estimate of life is both low and false, and its influence degrading and corrupting.

Again we are not sure that we entirely approve of the elaborate receptions that are so often given to young couples immediately after they have been married; they are distinctively of the world, world-

ly; their influence is antagonistic to the spirit of the Gospel. Furthermore they create class distinctions; none but the rich can afford them. We have not the slightest objection to the friends of the newly wedded pair calling on them, blessing them and wishing them happiness, joy and prosperity; that is altogether proper. What we do object to is the mixing of the ordinances of the House of God with functions and ceremonies which have the tendency to overshadow the teachings of that sacred place, give a false coloring to the marriage sacrament, and cause the young to think lightly of and sometimes ignore the covenants they have so lately made. The two are like oil and water, they will not unite.

Again, we sometimes read that at these

receptions Miss Blank and Miss So-and-So "presided over the punch bowl!" What dignity, what intelligence are needed for this exalted position—to preside over a punch bowl! So important is it that it has to be mentioned in the society columns of the daily papers. If it were fashionable, would it not be quite as dignified to preside over a beer barrel or a buttermilk can? Where, indeed, is the difference?

Joseph F. Smith.

✍

ERRATUM.—In our last issue the words of "Thy Kingdom Come" were in error ascribed to Elder H. W. Naisbitt. Elder J. G. Fones is the author of the words as well as the composer of the music.



IMPORTANCE OF A DEFINITE PURPOSE IN EVERY LESSON GIVEN AND STORY TOLD.

DR. KARL G. MAESER has said, "Labor without an object in view is mere killing time. Life without an aim is a failure from the start. Any system without a purpose—if system it may be called—lacks the most essential element of vitality." These words forcibly apply to the subject we are now to consider.

Every profitable occupation followed by man has a purpose. The mechanic, scientist, farmer, painter, architect, all work with defined aims, and their success is dependent on the energy and skill they manifest in the accomplishment of their object. Sunday School teachers, if they would be successful, must have an inspirational purpose in their important work.

Let us ask ourselves these questions:

What is the chief purpose of our work as teachers in our Sunday Schools? For what leading purpose were these schools organized? Why do we seek to impart religious training to the children? One answer will cover the three queries—To lead the children to live in unity with God, man and nature; in other words, to lead them to be truly Latter-day Saints.

The child comes to us from the home where his spiritual nature has been nurtured by the tender love and guidance of his parents, who have taught him to lisp a prayer to the Heavenly Father, a prayer marked by the same implicit faith and confidence that he instinctively has in his earthly father and mother.

To be successful in our calling as teachers, we must meet the child with a full

appreciation of the fact that he is a being endowed with religious impulses, and that he is susceptible to good impressions.

If the atmosphere of the class is spiritual in character, and there is manifest a desire to establish love and confidence between child and teacher, the child will find the help that is needed to cause an active expression of his better feelings.

The kindergarten class is a connection between the home and the larger social world. It is a place where the child should be taught to respect the rights of others, and where he may be led to manifest impulsive effort in right directions.

The child is naturally endowed with spiritual qualities needful for the proper development of high moral character. It is the duty of teachers to endeavor to strengthen those natural instincts, and lead the child to right thinking and right doing. I am speaking now of children of kindergarten age. At a later period of life we find children who have not had proper training, lacking in those natural conceptions of spiritual, ethical, and religious sentiments. It should be our aim, therefore, to impart to the child such thoughts as will strengthen and develop the divine inner life, direct the activity to high purposes, leading him to live right and do good to others.

Christ, the greatest of all teachers, had a definite purpose in each and every one of the parables He related; they severally served, and still serve, to illustrate a specially selected principle of life. The same may be said concerning the sublime lessons contained in His Sermon on the Mount, the numerous miracles He performed, and, in fact, every act and word of His life.

A leading object of our work should be to inspire the children with reverence and admiration for the perfect life of the Savior, with the purpose of inducing them

to emulate His loving and obedient character.

The kindergarten work in Sunday Schools has not always met the approval it deserves, because some have supposed that children of such tender age cannot comprehend the lessons that have been prepared for them. On this point I have to say it is not expected that the child will thoroughly learn, completely memorize, or fully understand the meaning of the lesson given or story told. It is simply intended to instil into the child's mind such spiritual sentiments as will keep alive the natural, religious, inner life, so that, in later years, this instinct will not become callous, and void of active expression.

If any teachers have been doing class work without having a well defined purpose, or aim in each lesson, such work has been a comparative failure. It is like turning adrift on the sea of life, a ship laden with precious souls, expecting it, without sails, propeller, or rudder to reach a haven of safety.

Each Bible lesson can certainly be made a means to carry out some specific idea and purpose, which the teacher should formulate from the subject. Having decided upon what she wishes the children to learn from the lesson, she must arrange the subject matter in the simplest connected form to convey the specific idea to their understanding. Having made herself familiar with the subject, she can be guided by the spirit of the occasion, and note if she is making a satisfactory impression on the minds of the children as she speaks to them.

The child mind cannot be concentrated many minutes on the subject. The purpose of one lesson will not be accomplished if the child is tired or uninterested, in fact, a wrong impression may be made. The tactful teacher will watch her class, and at the proper moment,

suggest some rest exercise, having in mind, however, the spiritual thought that connects with the lesson, giving the children a change physically, but clinging to the idea sought to be developed. A suitable song is one of the very best forms of rest exercise.

In the illustrative story, which usually follows the lesson, we should seek to inculcate the same spiritual thought, emphasizing the point of the story that will harmonize with the purpose of the lesson.

By means of the story, properly told, we may impress the child with a desire to put in active expression the principle embraced in the lesson, leading him to adapt its application to everyday life. In this way the child gets an unbroken line of thought during the entire session of the class; the religious feeling is connectedly strengthened within him, which is a leading purpose of all our work.

The true object and significance of rest exercises have sometimes been misunderstood. Each of these exercises has a definite idea, which, if duly explained to the children when the exercise is commenced, will make it more to them than a meaningless, or imperfectly understood, motion song. The spiritual thought in the lesson may thus become an educational feature in the child's rest exercise. Such, for example, are the "Finger Plays," "The Family," "The Pigeon House," "The Fishers," "The Weather Vane," etc.

It is not talent alone that we need, but also well defined purpose, properly carried out, accompanied, of course, by the Spirit of the Lord, that will enable us to aid in the accomplishment of the chief aim in kindergarten Sunday School classes, the development of all that is good in child nature.

Kate McAllister.



WHAT SHALL WE PLANT?

Plant seeds in the light of the morning,
Plant seeds in the sunlight of noon,
Plant seeds in the dusk of the twilight,
They will grow in great beauty full soon;
If we plant good, sound seeds they will blossom,
If given the sunshine and rain,
And each flower will comfort and cheer us
And its fragrance fill valley and plain.

If we plant now a seed of the pansy,
A pansy will germinate there,
If one of a violet, 'twill blossom
With a fragrance delightful and rare.
A seed of the daisy, brings daisies
So dainty old fashioned and sweet,
And its blossoms though lowly and humble
Help to make our old world more complete.

But if we sow briars and brambles
Their thorns will spring up to annoy,
If a seed of the wormwood so bitter
Then wormwood will taint all our joy;
So let us all strive to plant flowers
With sweet things of earth fill the room,
And the world though so lovely already
Will be filled with perfume and bloom.

Let us plant seeds of truth and of kindness,
Let us plant seeds of patience and love,
For each will bring forth brightest blossoms
And its fragrance be wafted above.
Let us plant seeds of virtue and goodness
Of sweet charity, greatest of all,
With a border of peace and contentment
To protect and encircle them all.

Annie Martin.



THE NEW BABY.

KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT

Edited by Donnette Smith Kesler and Rebecca Morris

SECOND SUNDAY, AUGUST 13TH, 1905.

Thought for teacher: Obedience to the laws of God.

1. Song.
2. Hymn
3. Prayer.
4. Song.

Practice Summer Song, introduced last Sunday. Hill, page 20 or 44.

5. Morning Talk.

Prepare your own morning talk.

On warm days children soon grow restless. Do not try to keep them still too long. Singing will be found more inter-

esting than long stories or talks. Make your exercises short and interesting, spicy, such as you would like were you a child again.

It is interesting to let the children do the talking, after the key note of the day has been given by the teacher, but there should be order and the rights of each respected—one talk at a time, while the others listen. If those wishing to talk raise their hands, the teacher can call upon them in turn, thus avoiding noise or confusion.

6. Nature Story.

It was later than usual when Charlie opened his eyes one Sunday morning but remembering that it was fast day and that there would be no breakfast to eat before going to the Sunday School, he thought to himself, I'll just snooze a little longer; I can get my chores done in a little while when I do get up. I guess it won't make much difference if I am late to Sunday School this morning, for I know my lesson, and teacher will excuse me.

Had Charlie been listening he might have heard this conversation, which was going on in the barn yard:

"Cock-a-doodle-do!" crowed the cock. "How important I am. I am the cleverest of all on the farm. Every morning I wake the people up, so that the children can get to school at the right time, and not have to stay in for being late. That is the reason the children like me so much. They feed me with corn and bread every day."

"Cluck! cluck!" said the hen. "You ought not to be so conceited, little father. You never give the children anything to eat; but I do. Almost every day I lay an egg, and with my eggs pancakes are made for the children. And they like pancakes so much that they would gladly eat them every day. Understand, then that I am cleverer than you."

"Mew, mew, mew," said Pussy-cat, who had heard the cock and hen talking. "It is really I who am the cleverest and most important. If I did not rid the barn and house of all the mice and rats, they would come and eat up all the bread and cheese and cake, so that the children would have to go hungry. That is the reason the children and I are such good friends. They give me milk and let me sit in their laps."

"Bow, wow, wow," said the dog. He had put his head out of the kennel when he heard how Pussy was boasting. "How do you think things would go if I didn't watch over the house night and day? So I am surely the most important one on the farm."

Just then up came Charlie all out of breath, in haste to get his chores done for the clock had struck half-past nine and he had changed his mind about being late at Sunday School, lest others might follow his example, and he had decided that he would rather set a good example than a bad one, so he had no time to talk to the cock and the hen or the dog and the cat.

Into his best clothes he hurried, after washing his hands and face and combing his hair and five minutes before the hands of the clock pointed the hour of ten Charlie was in his seat rosy from hurrying and with his mind made up to arise earlier when Sunday came again.

7. Bible Story.

Review Christ fasting in the wilderness. Aids for the teacher:

Where did Christ go after He was baptized?

How long did He stay in the wilderness without food?

Who came to Him while He was hungry from His long fast?

What did Satan want Jesus to do?

What did Jesus tell Satan?

Where did Satan take Jesus to tempt Him the second time?

Who did Satan say would take care of Jesus should He cast Himself down from the temple?

Why should we not tempt the Lord?

After Jesus refused to satisfy or obey Satan the second time, where did they go?

What did they see?

What did Satan offer Jesus?

What did Jesus answer?

What did Satan have to do when Jesus commanded him to depart?

Who took care of Jesus then?

8. Rest Exercise.

Have two or three sweet smelling flowers. Let the children smell them with their eyes open, then see if they can tell which one is held for them to smell while their eyes are closed. (Let the children take turns in going to the teacher and facing the class while the test is made.)

9. Children's Period.

10. Closing Song.

11. Prayer. March Out.



THIRD SUNDAY, AUGUST 20TH 1905.

1. Song.

Selected.

2. Hymn.

Little lambs so white and fair.

3. The Lord's Prayer.

4. Song.

Song given for August 6th.

Thoughts for teachers:

Bring me all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it,—Malachi 3.

For the next two Sundays we are to take up the subject of tithes and offerings. This is sometimes difficult to present to little children, for they are apt to get many queer ideas concerning tithes. We must consider the fact that the small child as yet knows little about quantities and parts, and that he also is unable to reason out how the tithes belong to the Lord.

Many questions on this subject asked by small children convince us that they get very crude ideas, and sometimes are harmed more than helped. And it will be better for them to get only a small thought and understand it well, rather than get the many varied ideas about the tithing and offerings that belong to the Lord.

In the morning talks we endeavor to connect the thought of taxes with tithes. To show how dependent the state, home and Church are on taxes. Each teacher will therefore have to adapt the thoughts to the condition of her particular class of children.

5. Morning Talk.

(Ask if there are any children who have just returned from a happy excursion or holiday, and allow them to tell something of their trip.)

This is the warmest time of the year, and if we go out in the mountains to have a nice rest, we usually go in the warm summer time. And then when we return we feel so well and happy. Some people don't go away though, they remain home and have as good a time as they can. And in order to have a pleasant time anywhere we all have to help, do we not? If we have a nice pleasant home, everyone in the home must help to make it pleasant; and if we want a pretty, clean city or town to live in, everyone has to help make it pretty and clean. We have to help keep the streets and roads clean

—not throw any rubbish out in the street or anything that will make it look disorderly; for you know our fathers and mothers have to help pay for the streets, roads and buildings that we have in our town. ¶ (Here you can mention your particular stake house.)

Our parents have taxes to pay every year. Taxes are small amounts of money. If your father had ten dollars (show number with fingers), he maybe would have to give away one dollar for taxes to help keep the city clean and to help pay for the county building, etc. (Illustrate this by your surroundings.)

Then perhaps he would give one half dollar to help pay for the school, so that his children could go and learn. When our fathers and mothers have some money, it does not belong all to them, for they pay taxes and tithing.

Every Sunday we have this room and building to come to; and do you know whose building it is? It is the Lord's house, because when we come here we talk about the Lord and His blessings to us. Do you know who helped to pay for this house? All of the good people who love the Lord. Our fathers and our mothers helped. They gave what they could to help, and now they give whenever they can, and perhaps some of you little children also give a little to help make our meeting house nice, help to pay for the coal to keep us warm in winter, the lights that burn here at night, and the books and organ and other things here.

Maybe if you do have some nickels or pennies at home you would like to help pay for those things. But even when we don't have money to give, we can help, for we can keep it clean and be very careful not to scratch any of the furniture or break things. There are so many ways in which we can help to do our part; and no matter how small a thing we do or

give, if it is just one cent, if we give it because we love to, the Lord will be pleased, and will not forget us.

* * *

If all your little hands and feet will get quiet, I have a pretty story to tell you.

6. Bible Story.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

At one time when Christ was here on earth He was in the temple speaking to the people. (Explain to the children who chance to live near one of our temples that it was not in that temple that Christ was, but in another one in a city far away). As He talked to the people He told them to be true, to do what was right, and to remember that if they were faithful and truthful that their heavenly Father would love them. Then some rich men came into the temple to give some of their gold to the Lord. Some gave a very great deal of gold and gifts; but no matter how much they gave, still they had much money left.

By and by a poor widow (explain who a widow is, so the children will understand more the value of her gift because of her loneliness) came into the temple, where she gave the Lord all she had—two mites. A mite is the very smallest amount of money, but it was all the poor widow had, so she gave it all, and was only sorry that she did not have more to give.

When Christ saw what she had done, He was very pleased, and He spoke to the people and told them that the poor widow had given more than all the rich men. For she gave all she had, and they gave and still had much left. And don't you know that the loveliest present is not the one which costs the most money, but the one that is given with love and unselfishness. If you have only a tiny penny

and you really and truly want to give it away to help the poor, it helps them as much as a great deal of gold. After this, whenever you have anything to give to the Lord, or your father or mother, remember and give it in love, and then you will feel so very, very happy.

7. Rest Exercise.

If the size of your room will permit, have the children march quietly one by one, and you can sing the march song given in the May plan, "One by one." Otherwise you can select an exercise for them all, such as all standing and follow

your movements, then give one of the sense games for a short time.

8. Song.

Sing a song selected by one of the children.

9. Review.

Re-tell one of the previous stories. I would suggest the Legend of the Great Dipper, given in the January 1st JUVENILE.

10. Children's Period.

11. Closing Exercises.

Good-by song, prayer, march out quietly.



ROBIN'S WHEAT.

In Brittany, in Brittany
The summer-time is sweet
With robin's mellow litany
And fields of waving wheat;

In Brittany, in Brittany
A simple tale is told
When, pearled with rain, the sunlit grain
O'erwhelms the land with gold.

.

There came a band of holy men
In russet gowns or gray,
To teach the tribes of wood and fen
To labor and to pray.

They cleared the wild, they trained the vine;
The stones that strewed the moor
They heaped, and raised a lowly shrine
To Him who loves the poor.

And much they longed to till the plain
With mattock, plow and hoe,
But naught they had of hoarded grain
Nor any seed to sow.

Then spake their abbot: "Soon or late,
Faith conquers every need;
Do ye but draw the furrow straight
And God will send the seed."

With trust and strength they drove the share
They turned the loamy clod;

They made the furrow deep and fair
And left the rest to God.

When red was all the glowing west
As sacramental wine
There came a bird of crimson breast
And perched upon the shrine,

Within his bill of golden brown
A heavy head of wheat;
He dropped the fruitful burden down
Before the abbot's feet.

The precious kernels, one by one,
The friars laid in place.
The green blades leaped; beneath the sun
The harvest throve apace;

And year by year it multiplied
And spread on every hand,
Till "robin's wheat" is waving wide
Through all the pleasant land.

.

In Brittany, in Brittany
When summer-time is sweet
With robin's mellow litany
Above the rolling wheat.

On harvest-field and burdened wain
From peasant lips is heard
The tale of him who brought the grain—
The ruddy-breasted bird.

Youth's Companion.

WHERE DO ALL THE DAISIES GO?

Words from "Royal Gifts."

Music by Joseph Ballantyne.

1. Where do all the daisies go? I know, I know; Un - derneath the snow they creep,
 2. Where do all the birdies go? I know, I know; Far a - way from win - ter snow,
 3. Where do all the babies go? I know, I know; In the glane - ing firelight warm,

Nod their lit - tle heads and sleep, In the springtime, out they peep— That is where they go.
 To the fair, warm south they go, There they stay 'till daisies blow— That is where they go.
 Safe - ly sheltered from all harm, Soft they lie on mother's arm— That is where they go.

pp Ritard

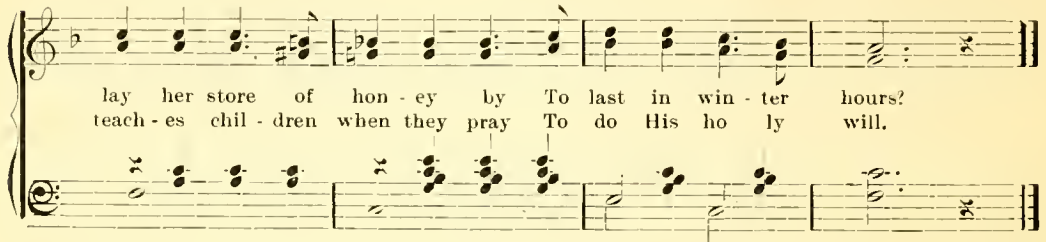
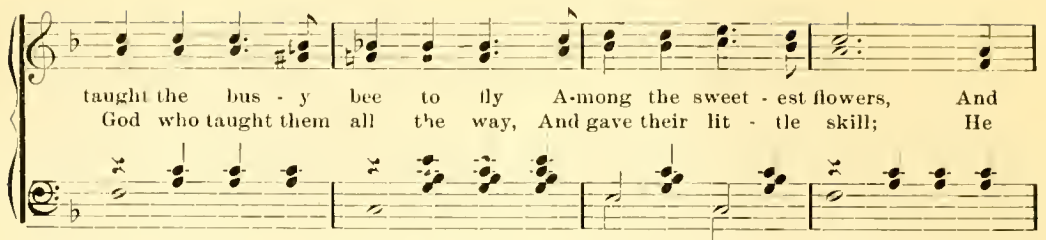
WHO TAUGHT THE LITTLE BIRDS?

Music by Joseph Ballantyne.

Moderato

1. Who taught the bird to build her nest Of wool and hay and moss?
 2. Who taught the lit - tle aunt the way It's nar - row nest to weave,

Who taught her how to weave it best, And lay the twigs a cross? Who
 And through the pleasant sum - mer day To gath - er up it's leaves? 'Twas



PAST AND PRESENT.

IN reading divine history, it is plainly seen that God deals with His children today much as He did in ancient times. He rewards every good deed, and at His set time punishes the transgressor. Therefore my object in writing this little sketch for the readers of the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR* is for the purpose of getting them to pause and see if I am right, and if my observations have been correct.

I have from my youth admired honesty, truthfulness, and sympathetic feelings wherever they have come to my notice. In particular, there is a little Bible story that I have never tired of reading, as it harmonizes so sweetly with similar occurrences in our day, and also in the days when the Lord gathered Israel by the hundreds and thousands from foreign lands, here to the valleys of Ephraim.

My favorite story from the Bible is about Naomi and her two daughters-in-

law. After they had lost their husbands and become widows, they decided to leave the land wherein they dwelt and return to the land of their fathers. Naomi then proposed to her daughters-in-law that each return to her mother. She told them that the Lord would deal kindly with them as they had dealt with the dead and with her. When the hour of separation came, she kissed them, and they lifted up their voices and wept; whereupon one of the daughters-in-law returned to her people, but the other (Ruth) said, "Entreat me not to leave thee or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

We find in the character of this young

woman the three attributes referred to—honesty, truthfulness and sympathetic feelings, and in following the history, we see that the Lord prospered her; that she found favor in the eyes of a good man and was blessed far beyond her anticipation.

This, my dear readers, has been the lot of many of the Latter-day Saints. They have, by adhering to the Gospel, been gathered from the different lands of the earth to these "valleys of the mountains," where they have improved prospects of bettering their condition. Many of them were among the poorest class, and if they had remained in their native lands would have been in the same condition today as the masses of the people. After having obeyed the Gospel in sincerity, they receive the Spirit of God, by which they gain strength to break all ties which bind them to the world. At first, they begin to stagger on the new road, just like a little child when it first begins to walk alone. God is almost unknown to them, and they advance child-like, and learn line upon line, a little here, a little there, until they attain to the stature of men in knowledge and experience.

God knows the hearts of His children today as He did in ancient days. He provided means wherewith those who have honest hearts are brought to this land. Some people look upon this as miraculous, but to Him it is natural. He permits His Spirit to rest upon those persons who possess a good soul, and that Spirit brings things to their minds that they are unable to remove. Their minds are disturbed in the day time, and they have visions and dreams at night, wherein they oftentimes see the same persons who call upon them as missionaries a short time later, preaching the Gospel to those who are willing to receive it, and bringing the glad tidings of great joy that God has again revealed Himself and sent angels

to administer unto men and to endow them with the holy Priesthood, and command them, as in the days of Christ, to go into all the world and preach unto every creature. Such a circumstance happened to the writer of this piece.

Some seventeen years ago, when I was working in one of the European nations as a missionary, I and my companion were holding a series of meetings in a particular neighborhood, and in each meeting I noticed a particular man present. I knew he was not a member of our Church, although he had been very attentive at every meeting; our meetings being held every night for a week, in various places. But our man was sure to be there. Finally I spoke to him and asked him what he thought of the doctrine we advocated, to which he answered, "I know that you advocate the truth, and that you are the servants of the true and living God, for both of you were shown to me in a dream, some time before you arrived here in this neighborhood, engaged in the same work that you are engaged in now. As soon as I saw you in the first meeting you held, I recognized you as the men I had seen in the dream." I then asked him if he did not wish to be baptized, and he said he was ready. We baptized him, and in a short time his wife was baptized. They are now living in Utah, and are happy. I have had the privilege of meeting and talking with them several times since they came here.

The question may be asked, What were his circumstances in his native land? Very poor, indeed. But how did he get to Zion, as we understand that it is almost impossible for a man in the old country who has to labor for his day's wages to save enough money in a lifetime to emigrate to America? The answer is, like thousands of others have come. God controls the heavens and the earth, and shifts things about as seems

Him good for the accomplishment of His designs.

Therefore, of all people on the earth, we have the greatest reason to be thankful; for, in the first place, He has given us hearts to understand the Gospel when it is presented to us, and strength to burst all the ties wherewith we are tied while in the world. Second, He brought things about that we might come to this land. Third, he has protected us, both as individuals and as a people, from the

persecutions of the enemy of truth. Therefore we should never forget to thank Him, but should be in daily conversation with Him, upon our knees, as He has told us through His servants. And if we have been blessed above the great mass of people, we should never feel above the less fortunate, but always remember our former condition, or the condition of our parents or grandparents; for the great Master said the Gospel should be preached to the poor.

C. K. H.



POETRY.

DREAMS.

I had a little dream one night,
 So very strange for me;
 Because I never thought of dreams
 As many do, you see.

I'd read that Ceaser's wife had dreamed,
 And Pilate's wife had, too;
 But as for me, I never dreamed,
 And never thought dreams true.

But once I dreamt I left the earth,
 And went where others go,
 To meet my doom, or otherwise,
 As records there might show.

I sat awhile with friends I knew,
 And heard them called by name;
 The questions and the answers heard,
 And soon my own turn came.

The judge looked squarely in my face,
 Then searched the records through;
 "I'm sorry friend, I cannot find
 One good deed marked for you.

But you may answer for yourself,
 And make the matter clear,
 For it is surely very plain,
 There's nothing for you here."

At once I thought of crippled Jones,
 And needy widow Grey,
 And many others whom I'd passed
 Unaided on my way.

"I've worked so hard, so very hard!"
 "For whom has it been done?"

I bowed my head and answered low,
 "Myself and mine, alone!"

Then I awoke and sat upright,
 So glad to live once more,
 That I might do if possible.
 Things left undone before.

And I have changed my mind a bit,
 And think dreams might do good.
 If they were heeded properly,
 And rightly understood.

Whether in heav'n there are rewards,
 And dreams are true or no,
 I've proved that for each worthy deed
 We're rewarded as we go.

R. E. Moench.

GOD KNOWS.

Through all my daily cares there is
 One thought that comfort brings whene'er it
 comes.

'Tis this: "God knows." He knows
 Each struggle that my hard heart makes to
 bring

My will to His. Often, when night-time come
 My heart is full of tears, because the good
 That seemed at morn so easy to be done
 Has proved so hard; but then, remembering
 That a kind Father is my judge, I say.
 "He knows." And so I lay me down with trust.
 That his good hand will give me needed strength
 To better do His work in coming days.

Harriet McEwan Kimball.

OUR LITTLE FOLKS



EDITED BY
LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS.

NEBENG Co.

Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

AUGUST.

In the nest high up in the tree-tops cool
The half-grown birdie too shrilly sings;
While the mother bird chirrups her self-help
rule,
"Hop out here, and try your wings.
I cannot bring you food much longer;
You are quite old enough, and must venture
now,
And do for yourself, my dear, that is how
Birdies and all things grow braver and stronger."

Beneath them, the mother cow anxiously moos
To her baby calf, skipping too far away,
Lest danger it meets, or the home path should
lose,
Where the men are making hay.
And thus it is the whole world over,
All things that live and move, it would seem,
Must lean to one or the other extreme,
A home-drone too much, or too much of a rover.

OLD PETE'S VALENTINE.



"H boys, here's a hummer! Just
the thing for Old Pete." And
Harry's eyes danced with de-
light as he held up a caricature
valentine. It was a picture of an ugly,
old, miser shoemaker. And the verse un-
der the picture was quite as hateful as
the miserly face of the old cobbler.

The boys quickly gathered around
Harry to get a better look at the valentine.
"Just the thing," and they laughed
heartily.

"That was a lucky find," said Fred.

"I've looked over about a hundred and
could not find anything that was half
that good."

"That's a dandy, alright," added Sam,
"and here's a good one to go with it."
And he produced a frowning pictured face
of a drunkard.

"That's fine," the boys shouted, "just
like Old Pete."

"You bet Pete likes his beer," laughed
Frank. "And that looks just about like
him."

"Well, come on," said Harry, "We'll
take both of 'em." The boys then select-
ed some more of the ugliest caricatures
they could find, paid the salesman for
them, and hurried out of the store.

"Now for Old Pete's," shouted Sam, as
he started off, almost on the run.

"Don't get in such a rush," called the
boys, "we're not ready yet."

So they explained to Sam how they
were going to wait until dark, and then go
and try to frighten Old Pete by throwing
stones at his house. When he was
thoroughly scared they meant to sneak
up quietly, place the ugly valentines
under the door, pound loudly on the door
and window and then run away.

"Gee! but the old fellow will be scared.
How his eyes will stick out!" exclaimed
Harry.

"I can hardly wait to see the old
miser," laughed Sam.

"Gully hee! I wish it was dark, now," ejaculated Fred, impatiently.

But they did not want to spoil their well-laid plans. So the four dirty little urchins went their several ways, promising to meet one another at eight o'clock on a certain corner, a block from the old shoe-maker's little hut.

It was scarcely half-past seven, when the four noisy little urchins made good their promise, with their presence, at the corner agreed on.

Harry took the two valentines out of his pocket, and Sam lighted a match to look at them, to make sure that they were the ones. As soon as the boys had assured themselves that there was no mistake, they hurried down to the humble dwelling of Old Pete.

Old Pete, or Uncle Pete, as he was commonly called by the townspeople, was a poor old German, who lived in a little log hut on the north side of the town. He mended shoes for a living and a good old cobbler he was. He was a quiet unassuming old man, seldom going off his own premises, except when he went to the little country store for needed provisions. He did his work cheaply and well. And the meagre sums of money he received in return, were almost always spent, either for the necessities of life or for some little gift for Karl.

Karl was an orphan, and the most beloved by Pete of all his grand-children. Karl shared Pete's humble abode and received, perhaps more than his share of Pete's little earnings. For nothing pleased the old man so much as to buy some pretty book or dainty bit of fruit or cake, and hide it in Karl's box where he knew the boy would find it as soon as he was home from school. Karl was a bright-eyed, studious little boy, and he appreciated all these pleasant little surprises his grandfather planned for him.

He, alone, knew what a noble, old heart

beat in Pete's breast, and he gave the kind old man all he had to give; which was a warm heart's best love, a kind tongue's gentlest words, and two little loving arms' dearest caresses.

"My little boy will be a good man, some day," Old Pete would say, as he looked with pride into Karl's happy face. Or at another time, as he watched the child's face lose its smile, and bending more closely over the work, become very grave, he would murmur, "Yes, Karl will be a great man, some day."

And he was happy in his hopes for Karl, and while his little grandson was with him, he was satisfied to stay at his grimy bench from early morning till late at night.

Truly, Old Pete did sometimes drink beer, but this he counted a luxury to be indulged in only on great occasions, such as New Year's Day and the Fourth of July.

Just before the Christmas holidays little Karl had been taken ill, and Old Pete's sister, who lived in a neighboring town, had taken him home with her.

"For," said she, "Pete's dingy little home is no fit place for a sick boy to be in."

Aunt Kate lived eight miles away, and Pete seldom saw Karl, now. His little hut was a home no longer, it had lost its sunbeam and his own life seemed to have lost its joy. He felt sick and sad, and sometimes wondered how he ever could have found any goodness in life.

He had not seen Karl, now, for two weeks. How he longed to see him to-night. He had remembered its being Valentine's Day, and had sent the child one of the prettiest valentines he could find in old Mr. Duncan's store on the corner. He was so weary and he felt so old and friendless to-night.

He went slowly in and out of his little cabin doing his evening chores. At last,

having finished them, he closed the door and fastened it with the crude wooden latch.

Four little heads were close together back of the lilac bushes. A few words were spoken in a whisper and then the boys were very still. After what seemed to them to be a long time, they thought for Old Pete to be interested in his newspaper, they crept out from behind the bushes and came near the house. They gathered up some rocks and Harry was fumbling in his pockets for the valentines, when Fred whispered,

"Wait a minute. Listen!" And then they hurriedly hid themselves behind the bushes again. They could hear footsteps and voices, as they cautiously peered through the lilac bushes they saw several girls and boys come quickly around the corner of the house, and crouch down under the window.

"Some more valentines for Old Pete," whispered Frank.

"Where's your rocks?" asked Sam, in an excited whisper. "Let's let 'em fly or we'll miss being in the fun."

"Keep still, you chump!" growled Harry under his breath, "Or you'll spoil all of the fun."

They quietly waited for several minutes. The other children still crouched under the window.

"What the deuce are they waiting for?" asked Sam.

"Keep still," whispered the boys impatiently, "and you'll find out."

At last the children under the window stood up. One little girl went over and placed something on the doorstep, and then rapped lightly on the door. And as the latch was lifted they all ran to hide themselves back of the lilac bushes.

The four boys crept more closely together and kept very still. And luckily for them, the other children went on the opposite side of the path from where they were.

Old Pete opened the door and peered out into the darkness. Then picking up the large valentine, the children had left for him, he went in again, and closed the door.

One of the girls hurried over and peeped in at the window. Coming back to where the others were she said, "Come on!" Let's go right in; poor Old Pete is crying."

"No wonder he cries," said one of the boys. "It touches the good old man to have any one be kind to him."

"I think it's a shame" said another girl, "the way some of the boys treat that dear old man." And then they had gone around the corner of the house. In a moment more they came back, carrying baskets of dainties they had brought for supper, going to the door they rapped again, and when Pete opened it this time they all shouted,

"Surprise on Uncle Pete!" The old man was so overcome, he could hardly speak a word.

"Why don't you tell us to come in, Uncle Pete?" asked one of the girls.

"Aren't you glad we've come?"

"Yes, I'm too glad," faltered the old man; the tears running down his cheeks.

"I am happier than I can tell you."

As they all came into the little room Pete began crying again.

"There, there, Uncle Pete," said one of the boys, "don't cry, we've come to bring you a valentine."

"Here, Mr. Valentine, where are you," called one of the girls, going to the door.

"I'm right here," answered a glad voice, and then Karl was in his grand-father's arms.

It was several minutes before the old man could speak. When at last he could control his voice, he said, "This seems too good to be true. It must be a dream."

"No it is the truth," laughed Karl kissing his grandfather. "I'm well again

grandfather, and I've come back to stay with you."

And while they ate their supper, and laughingly told their happy stories, and played their jolly games, under the window outside crouched four little boys.

After awhile Sam said, "Come on, boys, let's go." As they sneaked down the path, Harry took two ugly valentines out of his pocket and tore them up. The boys saw him but they did not say anything about it. When they reached the corner they said good-night and each went to his home.

A few days afterward Sam was telling one of the school boys that he could not see any use of ugly valentines. "They just make people mean and ugly," he was saying, when Harry interrupted him with "Well, if I can't give pretty valentines I'll not give any, after this."

"That's right," exclaimed Frank and Fred, "and neither shall we."

And the boys kept their word.

Lella Marler.

DOGS LIKE TO BE TALKED TO.

A SHORT time ago a little dog was missing. He was soon found sitting on a chair in a sunny window opposite a good old dame with whom he had lately struck up a cordial comradeship. "Ah, what are you doing?" cried the owner, entering. "Wir schwatzen zusammen" (we are chatting together), said the old dame; and in fact she was reeling off a yarn with cats, rabbits, pigeons and all sorts of nice things in it; and doggie sat, all attention, sometimes one pricked ear on high, sometimes the other (which is the canine equivalent for a note of interrogation); sometimes with flashing eyes and mobile nostrils; occasionally with puckered forehead and angrily rising mustache. The same dog has another friend, who says she tells him fairy-tales (the tales have a

great deal about an emphatic black cat in them!) and when the dog looks more puzzled than a harried chess-player the reciter turns triumphantly to the bystanders, saying: "You see, he understands every word!" A dog certainly likes conversation, and he understands a good many words, undoubtedly—the names of different kinds of game, the names of meats and of sundry amusements of his, and also the patronymics of his principal friends.—*London Daily News.*



THE LETTER-BOX.

A Southern Mormon Boy.

RIGBY, IDAHO.

I came here from South Carolina, three years ago. I am eight years old now, and was baptized last November. We like this country well. We have a good school and Primary. My brother and I go to Sunday School every Sunday, and every first Sunday in the month we fast and pay our fast offerings. Our papa is a home missionary. We have one little sister, her name is Lillie May. She is eleven months old. Grandpa and grandma Moore live with us. We all enjoy reading the JUVENILE.

RAPHAEL CLEVELAND.

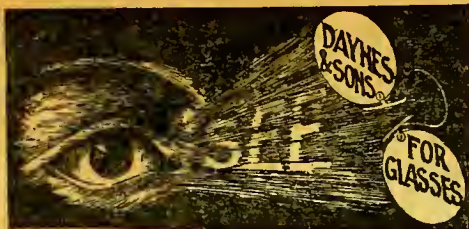


Danger in Disobedience.

DRAPER, UTAH.

I haven't seen any letter from here, so thought I would write one. We take the JUVENILE and I like to read it. I have a brother on a mission in Germany. Last September I got hurt in a wagon wheel. My mother had told me never to hang on a wagon, but I disobeyed her and got hurt. I have been unable to go to school all this year. I hope all the little friends of the Letter-box will never disobey their parents like I did. I will try to be a good boy after this. I am ten years old.

MILO ANDRUS.



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